

BICYCLE EXERCISE

A dapper young woman entered an eastern newspaper office the other day, and singling out the sporting and fashion editors, entertained them with an impromptu discourse on bicycling for women, riding costumes for women, etc. She said, among other things: "I am a bicycle rider, and I know bicycle riding, done properly."

IS THE ATTRACTION

that will get women out of doors, give them exercise, improve their health, and add to their own personal appearance. I have learned this from eight years of experience on the wheel. The great point about this, however, is that there is a way to ride and a way not to ride. Women need to avoid the errors of the gentlemen riders of the wheel. Riding to break records or to make records is bad, especially in the case of women. It is abusing a healthy pastime that ought to be followed solely for pleasure. When followed as a recreation on rational principles it cannot help but be a benefit to women folk. Two things are to be considered by the women riders. They are position and dress. A lady rider should always sit squarely on the saddle, with head erect, and the saddle should be high enough to prevent that singularly awkward movement of the knees that resembles the motions of a grasshopper. A lady should always ride a bicycle as gracefully as she does a horse, and there is no reason in the world why she should not. Dress has a great deal to do with making bicycling popular with women. Bicycling is a pastime that any woman may indulge in with perfect propriety, and yet a good many women are prejudiced against it because of the ill-looking attire that many women wear. A pretty girl always looks prettier on a bicycle, but she cannot appear well unless she is dressed becomingly. Some women riders seem to think that any old garment is good enough to go bicycle riding in. They ought to see themselves as others see them, and they would never go riding in old or shabby garments again. Others wear gowns that the wind plays havoc with, and still others copy the style of race horse jockeys. All these things tend to degrade bicycling.

"Well, what is the proper thing to wear?" was asked.

"The gown should be of dark blue or black. But, after all, it isn't so much what the dress worn is, as it is what is worn under it. A woman should consult her comfort in the matter of underwear. There is a good deal of reform agitation going on about bicycle dress for women. In Boston the women are urged to wear the Syrian trousers, but that is too radical. Now, the way I dress is this: I wear no petticoats, but instead what are called equestrian trousers. What are equestrian trousers? Why they are tight, plain, close-fitting, knitted and warm. Comfort in riding a bicycle depends very largely on the underwear of the rider. Women should always use the union underwear, with an equivoise waist. That does away with corsets, and gives free play to the upper part of the body. The outer gown is of the walking gown pattern, with a close fitting double breasted habit waist, open at the throat to permit the insertion of a shirt front with a collar and scarf. For this habit on warm days a loose waist of silk or cambric may be substituted. The making of the proper bicycle dress is an important feature. It should be lined with black satin. That will permit it to slip easily over the knees and not impede the movement of the knees. How to keep a dress in order when the wind blows briskly is a problem that bothers many women riders. I will show you how I do it." The young woman lifted the hem of her black satin lined gown and pointed to a line of tape, about an inch in width, sewed along the bottom of the gown in front and at the sides. "That is sewn in that tape at regular intervals," she said. "It gives sufficient weight to keep the dress from blowing upward, no matter how stiff the breeze. See how it works?" The young woman sat down and caught up the dress a trifle and let it go again. It slid instantly back into place. "The dress," she continued, "should be cut so that it will hang about two inches from the ground when the wearer is walking. The best material for a bicycle gown I find, is cravenette cloth. It is dust proof and water proof, and durable. Gauntlet gloves should be worn with the gown. The hat should be of the Alpine equestrian pattern and the shoes should be low and square-toed. You see this attire does not depart much from the conventional style of any neat walking attire. Yet it improves the appearance of any woman bicycle rider, and because it is pretty and neat, it will make all women riders look attractive, and the pretty ones prettier still. It will popularize the healthful sport. If a woman thus attired will mount a bicycle, ride slowly with head erect and draw in long breaths and fill her lungs with good fresh air she will get the full benefit of the exercise and pleasure of bicycling. In beginning, two hours' riding is enough. This can be increased daily, little by little, until at length the rider can ride all day if she wants to without feeling fatigue. The bicycle should never be ridden at any time so

long as the rider feels tired out. If the women will take up bicycling in the manner I recommend they will discover that it is a delightful recreation. They will get in a fascinating way the exercise they much need, and then health, and looks, and digestion, will all be improved."

Something Lacking.

Miss Flirtatious—And you say you have never kissed a pretty girl? How singular! You don't mean to tell me you lack the courage?

Mr. de Cynique—No, not exactly. Miss Flirtatious (coquettishly)—Well, surely you have not lacked the opportunity? Mr. de Cynique—No, not exactly. Miss Flirtatious—What was it, then, you lacked?

Mr. de Cynique—The pretty girl.—New York Herald.

Turning the Tables.

"Poor Billy, he's down on his luck," said Dawson. "His tailor has turned on him. Billy always paid him on the installment plan, and the other day he bought a dress suit, and the tailor said he'd send it home on the installment plan, too—coat when Billy had paid for it, then the vest, then a leg of the trousers, and so on."—Harper's Bazar.

Well Named.

"This is angel cake," remarked one of the boarders at Mrs. Hashcroft's feedery when the dessert was reached. "I know," replied the one addressed. "Why is it so called?" "Because of its fatal effects, I suppose."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

No Improvement.

"No, he's no better," said a woman when the doctor came to visit her husband. "You told me to give him as much of the powder as would lay on a 10 cent piece. I hadn't a 10, but I gave him as much as would go on 10 ones, and he's worse if anything."—Youth's Companion.

Another Matter Entirely.

Mrs. Dimling (to her daughter)—Why are you so censorious about Amy? The Bible says we must love our enemies. Miss Dimling—But she's not my enemy. She's my dearest friend.—Truth.

After the Rejection.

Mr. Dolley (bitterly)—You refuse me, but you never refused my presents. Miss Gilm—No, they were of some value.—Detroit Free Press.

Unsettled Yet.

Friend—I suppose everything is settled in regard to the marriage of your daughter? Stockley—Well, yes, everything but the dila.—Tit-Bits.

Nothing Gained.

Miss Pinkerly—I hear, Mr. Tutter, that you wrote Miss Panhandle a poem on her nonvalence. By the way, how is she getting on? Tutter—I understand that she has had a relapse.—Truth.

Concentration.

The man who seeks one thing in life, and but one, may hope to achieve it before life be done. But he who seeks all things where he does only reap from the hopes which surround him the same barren results.

A Harvest of Barren Regrets.

A Subject For Sympathy. The prisoner, a tough looking citizen with a prognathous cast of countenance and a bad eye, had been found guilty of beating his horse to death.

"I wish it were in my power to punish your brutality as it deserves by sending you to the penitentiary," said the magistrate, with strong indignation, "but I shall fine you \$100, and you will stand committed till the fine and costs are paid."

"Can't you make it a little lighter, aquire?" pleaded the prisoner, drawing the back of a grimy hand across his eyes. "That's purty hard on a man that's just lost a good horse!"—Chicago Tribune.

Hood's Pills cure consumption. They are the best after-dinner pill and family cathartic.

WANTED—Nursing by a thoroughly experienced and competent nurse. Have nursed ten years in the east. Inquire 1035 F street.

Canon City coal at the Whitebreast Coal and Lime Co.

A fine line of canned soups, 25 cents per can. Miller & Gifford, grocers.

The finest grocery store in the city. Miller & Gifford.

Miss S. E. Blakeslee, fine dressmaking, at Mrs. Gosper's, 1114 O street.

Fruited ice cream soda water made from the natural fruit, at Rector's Pharmacy.

Lincoln Frame and Art Co., 225 South Eleventh.

Misses Boggs & Caffyn, dressmaking parlors. Fine stamping. 1311 M street telephone 519.

Visit the New Students' gallery and be convinced that the work is first-class. 1034 O street.

"The Best" Laundry, 2208 O street, telephone 579. H. Townsend & Co., proprietors, Lincoln, Neb.

Rooms in Chicago. Elegant rooms for World's fair visitors right at World's fair grounds. Prices reasonable. Mrs. E. B. APPELGET, 6617 Sheridan ave., Chicago.

The Union Pacific Cheap Rates. Only \$30.00 first class to Ogden, Salt Lake, Helena, Spokane and Portland Ore.

For full particulars call at city ticket office 1044 O street.

THE LIMEKILN CLUB.

BROTHER GARDNER TALKS ABOUT THE TORPEDO CHICKEN.

No Talk With Great Eloquence How Brother Cantelopes Johnson Passed From This Earth Away by Making the Mistake of His Life.

[Copyright, 1905, by Charles B. Lewis.]

"It is my painful duty," said Brother Gardner as he arose with a letter in his hand, "to announce to de club dat de grim destroyer has overtaken another member of de club. Brudder Cantelopes Johnson, an honorary member residin in St. Louis, has passed from dis frozen airth away. I am perhaps de only member present who personally knowed de deceased. He had his good an his bad side, same as de rest of us. His loss won't create any pertickler vacuum in St. Louis, and yet he filled a sartin place while he libed. He would hev libed a good deal longer had he heeded my advice. He was de sort of man who couldn't believe anything unless he saw it wid his own eyes. When dat Ohio man invent de torpedo chicken, I writ to Brudder Johnson to look out fur it. I explained how it worked. I cautioned him dat death lurked in de hencoop an dat he'd better buy his fowls at de reg'lar price in de reg'lar way. Dis letter am from Brudder Johnson's widdier. It says dat he was found in an alley all busted to pieces, an she believes dat a powder magazine blowed up sumwhar or dat he was overtaken by an airtquake. Pore woman! It am better thus, an I shall not attempt to omdoove her."

There was a general movement in the hall, showing intense excitement, and after a minute Brother Gardner continued:

"I hev de pictur befo me. It am a dark night in St. Louis. A gentle rain am de-



"A DARK NIGHT IN ST. LOUIS."

scendin. Brudder Cantelopes Johnson am sittin by his own fireside. He suddenly feels dat he would like fried chicken fur breakfast. De market am shet up, an he can't buy nuffin. He rises up an takes my ole letter oute de top baroo drawer an reads it. When he cums down to dat part whar I tell him dat de torpedo chicken can't be told in de dark from a fat pullet, he smiles in contempt at my innercense. He thinks of me as a childlike ole yaboo who would blow out de gas an go to bed smilin.

"Five minits later Brudder Johnson am out doas wid an empty bag under his arm. His wife thinks he am goin sumwhar fur shavin'. He recolects a sartin hencoop in a sartin alley, an his steps turn dat way. I foller Brudder Johnson in imagine-shun. He keeps dat same smile on his face. He feels it his dooty to write to me an caushun me ag'in bettin any money on de string game."

"Now Brudder Johnson has turned into de alley. Now he has stopped to peer an listen. Now he tiptoes along an reaches de alley doas of de hencoop. His mouf waters, an he feels hungry as he thinks of de meat inside.

"Now Brudder Johnson has pried off a bo'd wid de ole chisel he bring along. Now he crawls into de coop. He can't see, but his ear-tell him dat 22 fine fat fowls am roostin widin reach of his hand. Now he keertfully reaches out his right hand an feels about till it rests on a fo-pound hen. She does not gin de alarm, but acts like she was 'specting him to cum an take her."

"Look! Listen! Now Brudder Johnson gits a firm hold o' dat hen an gins a sudden yank. He am already tastin fried chicken when dar cums a flash, a roar, a boom, an all is ober! He had got hold of de torpedo chicken. He had invited de grim destroyer to cum an bust him all to pieces. Dat same smile of contempt fur me was on his face when dey picked it up fo'ty rods away. I hev no doubt dat jest as he yanked at dat hen he was thinkin he orter telegraph me not to soak my feet in kerosene an stick 'em into de oven to dry."

"My fren's, I hev no lectur to read yo'. I shall not hold dis case up as a warnin to yo'. We shall hang de emblem of mournin on de alley doas fur de usual length of time, an we shall pass de usual resolu-shun of condolence wid de family. If dar am any older member of dis club who am so skeptical dat he must blow down de bar'l of a gun to see if it am loaded an who won't believe dat over 700,000 torpedo chickens am sittin on de hen roosts of dis kentry jest because he hasn't happened to see one, I shall not consider it my dooty to argy wid him. Let him find out fur hissek, but let him also remember dat dis club doan't pay no funeral expenses nor buy no gravestones."

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

The Frantle Attempt of an Esteemed and Its Result.

POOR CRITTER!—Monday afternoon we decided to buy a bell for the first church edifice erected in this town, and Tuesday



OUR ESTEEMED HAD BEEN SHOOTING AT US, morning we received a challenge to fight a duel with that low-down, no account critter whom we are occasionally obliged to refer to as our esteemed contemporary. The tale

live was a mixture of poor orthography and bad grammar, and of course we paid no attention to it. When we started for the post-office at noon, the incident had entirely slipped our memory. We were walking along Apache avenue, busy with our thoughts, when we suddenly became conscious of the fact that some one was discharging his pistols in the street. We had counted 12 reports and were wondering whether Bud Williams or Sam White had broken stopped again when Mr. Whently, the grocer, stepped up and informed us that our esteemed had been shooting at us for the last 10 minutes from a distance of about eight feet. We deeply regret what followed. It was the fifteenth attempt made by him to assassinate us, and before we could restrain ourself we picked him up and slammed him against a billboard with such force that he remained in a senseless condition for two hours. While the general verdict is that he was rightly served, we still feel pity for him and wish we hadn't done it. Not one of the bullets had come within two feet of us. He has fired at least 60 bullets at us in the last two years, and the best shot he ever made was when he ticked our hat. He can't shoot, edit, play poker, make a public speech, get nominated for office nor mix in society. His weekly paper has no more public influence than an empty flour sack. Why he continues to live is an enigma to everybody. Some editors in our place would have killed him long ago, but we haven't the heart to even foreclose the mortgage we hold on his office. Nature meant the coyote to fill a certain position among the animal creation. Nature meant our esteemed contemporary to do the same thing among mankind, but just what sort of a place no one will ever know. He may be run over and killed by a drove of mules some day, but we shall never harm him.

NOT A SUCCESS.—Professor Birdsell's panoramic lecture on Japan at the town hall Saturday evening resulted about as we predicted when he applied to us as mayor for his license. A large audience paid a quarter a head, expecting to witness two or three clog dances, a couple of sand jigs and some cannon ball exercise. It was also generally understood that three or four good songs would be sung, some tumbling indulged in and that the professor would offer anybody \$25 to stand before him for four rounds. To the great amazement and disgust of the crowd he began to show pictures of temples and pagodas and Japanese houses and to boost the Japs up the ladder for their intellect and civilization, and as we cast an eye around we saw that the boys could not be held down very long. We slipped back on the stage and asked the professor to drop Japan and whoop it up for Arizona. In view of the popular excitement over the question of statehood he could have raked in a big jack pot on a pair of deuces, but he wasn't the man for the occasion. He persisted in giving the audience Japan until what we feared came to pass. The boys rose up and shot the towers off his old pagodas and stamped the audience. The professor got away, but left a cartload of Japanese ruins behind him. We must repeat that this town has its idioms, and the stranger who wants to please us must post himself in advance. We run to cattle and mules and mines and don't go a copper on pagodas and temples. Japan may be a bangup country, but we bank on Arizona to the last cent. We can sit still for about 10 minutes under most any sort of a lecture, but then we demand a break in the monotony. We don't want all songs or all jigs or all jokes, but a proper compound, just as rosin and mutton tallow and vaseline are mixed together to cure a mule's sore heel. In about a week more, after the boys have cooled down, Professor Birdsell can return and take away his Japanese ruins, and we trust that the lesson may sink deep into his soul and take the stiffness out of his neck.

LOST HIS HEAD.

He Became a Lightning Rod Man and He Scored Red.

"He loves me, and he will come this evening."

It was Evangeline Watkins who murmured the above murmur as she sat on the piazza of her father's mansion as the sun went down and the fitting swallow began to flit. Down in the meadow an old sheep was bleating for her little sheeplet, which had gone astray. In the farmyard the old man had just set down to milk the old bome cow and let his thoughts go back to years ago. Half a mile down the dusty highway Farmer Johnson was yelling "Whoa—haw—gee!" at his steers, and in the pear tree at the gate a robin redbreast sang and sang his soul away, or tried to.

It was just such an evening as lovers love to love. There were rhythm and cadence and gentleness about it, and as the fair Evangeline waited she felt that she could be happy together the object of her affections, even if they had to live in a straw shack and subsist on raw onions. Walter Higginbottom had not asked her to be his wife—not in plain English—but both understood. When you strain a girl to your heart with such violence as to crack one of her ribs, she looks upon it as a proposal of marriage, and nothing is left but to name the date and the preacher.

"Walter?"

He stood before her, but as she looked at him the glad light in her face faded away, and her fond heart almost ceased to beat. He was as cold as an iron hitching post in January and as solemn as a turkey the day before Thanksgiving. "Was he ill?" Had he been kicked by her father's mule while cutting across lots? Had he stepped on the blade of a hoe and been whacked by the handle?

"Walter, what is it?"

"Miss Watkins, I have called to say farewell. I am going far away! It is not likely that we shall ever meet again. I have called to give you back your heart and to tell you that you had better marry Bill Tompkins if he will have you."

"But, Walter?"

"I will explain. Up to this afternoon I was working for my father at a salary of \$15 a month and board and washing and darning. I had no dreams of the great world beyond. I had no soaring ambitions. All has suddenly changed. A lightning rod man stopped at our house for dinner, with the result that I hired to him for \$25 a month and expenses, and I leave tomorrow."

"But, Walter?"

"You must forget me. From now on your love will be hopeless. A lightning rod man cannot mate with a farmer's daughter. The gulf is wide and deep and unbridgeable. Marry Bill Tompkins, who always rather liked you, and if he ever builds a barn I will put lightning rods all over it and give him 10 per cent off. Evangeline—Miss Watkins—farewell!"

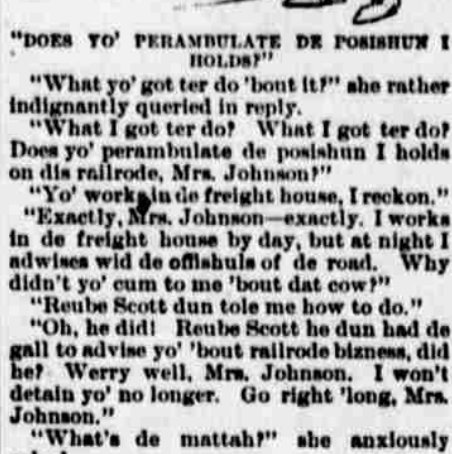
grease," remarked the mother as she looked up. Evangeline did not reply. "It's b'iled over twice this evening, and that's a bad sign."

No reply from Evangeline. "What's the matter?"

No reply. She could not reply. She was deadlier than a doornail—struck down by the sudden shock of Walter Higginbottom's faithlessness.

Nighting His Dignity.

"Look here, Mrs. Johnson," he said as he halted a woman who was passing the depot, "folks dun tell me dat yo' am gwine to bring a lawsuit ag'in our railrode fur killin' yo' cow."



"DOES YO' PERAMBULATE DE POSSEHUM I HOLD?"

"What yo' got ter do 'bout it?" she rather indignantly queried in reply.

"What I got ter do? What I got ter do? Does yo' perambulate de poseshum I hold on dis railrode, Mrs. Johnson?"

"Yo' works in de freight house, I reckon."

"Exactly, Mrs. Johnson—exactly. I works in de freight house by day, but at night I advises wid de offishuls of de road. Why didn't yo' cum to me 'bout dat cow?"

"Reube Scott dun told me how to do."

"Oh, he did! Reube Scott he dun had de gall to advise yo' 'bout railrode bizness, did he? Werry well, Mrs. Johnson. I won't detain yo' no longer. Go right 'long, Mrs. Johnson."

"What's de mattah?" she anxiously asked.

"Nuffin 'tall, Mrs. Johnson. In de co'se of a week de offishuls will telegraph me 'bout yo' cow an as her walue. Herry yo' come to me I should hev put de figgers at \$25, but under present circumstances I shall reply dat a 15-cent nigger named Reube Scott claims dat he killed a 20-cent cow belonging to a 2-shillin' cull'd woman, but dat we had better fight de case e'ar to de supreme court at Washington befo' we pay damages. Good afternoon, Mrs. Johnson."

"But I've cum fur advice," she protested.

"Too late, Mrs. Johnson. Owin to consanguinary circumlocushun a drayman name Reube Scott will participate de legality of yo' claim, while it will be my dooty to agitate sich a procrastinashun as will make yo' tired e'ar down to yo' toes. An revoir, Mrs. Johnson. Dey tells me huckieberries am lookin up right smart dis season."

M. QUAD.

No Use.

A brace of burglars were prowling through the house in the middle of the night, and after picking up such stray things as were obtainable down stairs they went to the floor above. Here they came to a room in which two children were asleep, and adjoining it was the room of the man and his wife. A dim light was burning, and one of the burglars stepped in while the other watched at the door.

"Get anything?" whispered the watcher when the marauder returned.

"Naw," was the disgusted reply, "nothin but a few bits of jewelry off the dresser."

"Didn't you see nothin?"

"Naw."

"Did you go through his pockets?"

The other one looked through the darkness at his pal contemptuously.

"Course not," he growled; "can't you see his wife's there with him?"

Then they tiptoe on up to the next floor.—Detroit Free Press.

Reasoning It Out.

"Chollie," said Chappie sorrowfully, "did you evah welfect dat if it wasn't for that beastly wog Gavage Washington got us into in the lawst century you and I would have been weal English subjects?"

"Yass, and it makes me feel weal dread-ful."

"Well, I say, let's swern allegiance to the queen now, old fel. Washington's acts need not bind us. He did not wepess us in the least, law, ye know, Chollie, we weren't bawn then, so how could he?"—Harper's Bazar.

All the Same.

Mrs. Wickwire—Don't you think you would make a better success of life if you were to go to work?

Wenry Watkins—I dunno. Do you think a man ought to work on Sunday?

Mrs. Wickwire—Certainly not, if he can avoid it.

Wenry Watkins—Well, every day is Sunday to a man in my business.—Indianapolis Journal.

An Ingrate.

Jack Ford—Did you see that girl cut me then?

Frank Wilcox—I noticed she didn't bow. Jack Ford—And yet I saved her life.

Frank Wilcox—How?

Jack Ford—We were engaged, and finally she said she'd rather die than marry me, so I let her off.—Albany Argus.

Too Much For Him.

"I understand that you have thoroughly mastered the English language."

"I thought I had till yesterday."

"And now you think you haven't? What led you to change your opinion?"

"I read a description of a game of baseball."—New York Press.

No Wonder.

Attorney—Now, sir, can't you remember all that was said on that evening?

Witness—No, indeed!

But you heard it?

Yes, but there were six women talking."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Can't Develop Beyond That.

There's the girl who's stuck on fencing, and the girl who's just commencing to be somewhat interested in the art of self defense; There's the girl who's good at riding, and the girl who makes to striding over leagues of dale and mountain with energy intense; There's the girl who worships rowing, and the one who's fond of showing a marksmanship astounding in a person of her sex; There's the girl who's always ready, with a nerve both true and steady, when woful dangers threaten or difficulties vex; But despite the many carriage and the open scorn of marriage which the "Independent" faddists seem to think so very nice, You may perhaps have noted that they're very seldom quoted as having lost completely their inherent fear of mice.

—Detroit Tribunes.



Willie Tillbrook Son of

Mayor Tillbrook

of McKeesport, Pa., had a soreful bump under one ear which the physician lanced and then it became a running sore, and was followed by erysipelas. Mrs. Tillbrook gave him

Hood's Sarsaparilla

the sore healed up, he became perfectly well and is now a lively, robust boy. Other parents whose children suffer from impure blood should profit by this example.

HOOD'S PILLS cure Habitual Constipation by restoring peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.

As many of our customers

could not attend our Corset

sale on account of the storm

on Saturday last, we will give

them another chance. Next

Saturday evening from 7 until

9 o'clock, when we will sell

our guaranteed summer corsets

at

29c,

For two hours.

J. H. MAURITIUS & CO.

1039 O STREET.

Real Estate Loans

On farms in Eastern Nebraska and improved property in Lincoln, for a term of years.

LOWEST CURRENT RATES.

R. E. AND J. MOORE.

RICHARDS BLOCK.

Corner Eleventh and O Streets, Lincoln.

WORLD'S FAIR.

How